



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT LYRICS

# 2PACALYPSE NOW

"Young Black Male" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Young Black Male"

*[2Pac (Ice Cube):]*

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

Yes, niggas! Yes, niggas! Yes, niggas!

Go, nigga, go!

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

*[2Pac:]*

Young black male

I try to effect by kicking the facts

And stacking much mail

I'm packing a gat 'cause guys wanna jack

And fuck going to jail

'Cause I ain't a crook, despite how I look

I don't sell yayo

They judging a brother like covers on books

Follow me into a flow

I'm sure you know, which way to go

I'm hitting 'em out of the doors

So slip on the slope, let's skip on the flow

I'm fucking the sluts and hoes

The bigger the butts the tighter the clothes

The gimminy jimminy grows

Then whaddaya know, it's off with some clothes

Rowd when the crowd says ho

That let's me know, they know I can flow

Love when they come to my shows

I get up and go with skins before

When I'm collecting my dough

I never respect, the one that I back

The quicker the nigga can rap

The bigger the check

Now watch how they sweat

What kind of style is that?

The style of a mack, and ready to jack  
I rendered up piles of black  
The wacker the pack, the fatter the smack  
I hate it when real niggas bust  
They hate when I cuss, they threaten to bust  
I had enough of the fuss  
I bust what I bust and cuss when I must  
They gave me a charge for sales  
For selling the tales... of young black males

Yes, nigga, N-I-G-G-A, niggas  
Ay, nigga, you can't handle that shit!  
Pass that man!  
Hit that shit, that's the shit!  
It smells like skunk, skunk smells like that nigga, momma  
We ain't nuttin' but some low down dirty niggas  
Keep it real, nigga! Fuck you, nigga!  
You ain't giving me near a dime on this real motherfucker  
Fuck St. Ides, it's an Old E thing, baby  
Strictly some of that Hennessy  
Can I drink with you, fellas? Can I get it on it?  
Fuck you, capo. You ain't in, baby  
I tell you what! You guys are not gonna be talking  
All that shit, when I come back, OK?  
We gonna say who the big mouth, when I come back  
Young black male!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Clinton George, Brown Harold Ray I, Dickerson Morris Dewayne, Jordan Le Roy L, Scott Howard E,  
Allen Thomas Sylvester, Levitin Lee Oskar, Miller Charles, Evans Deon

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"Trapped" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "Trapped"

You know they got me trapped in this prison of seclusion  
Happiness, living on the streets is a delusion  
Even a smooth criminal one day must get caught  
Shot up or shot down with the bullet that he bought  
Nine millimeter kickin' thinkin' about what the streets do to me  
'Cause they never talk peace in the black community  
All we know is violence, do the job in silence  
Walk the city streets like a rat pack of tyrants  
Too many brothers daily heading for the big pen  
Niggas comin' out worse-off than when they went in  
Over the years I done a lot of growin' up  
Getting drunk, throwin' up  
Cuffed up  
Then I said I had enough  
There must be another route, way out  
To money and fame, I changed my name  
And played a different game  
Tired of being trapped in this vicious cycle  
If one more cop harasses me I just might go psycho  
And when I get 'em, I'll hit 'em with the bum rush  
Only a lunatic would like to see his skull crushed  
Yo, if you're smart you'll really let me go, G  
But keep me cooped up in this ghetto and catch the Uzi  
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down  
They got me trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

They got me trapped  
Can barely walk the city streets  
Without a cop harassing me, searching me  
Then asking my identity  
Hands up, throw me up against the wall  
Didn't do a thing at all  
I'm telling you one day these suckers gotta fall  
Cuffed up throw me on the concrete  
Coppers try to kill me  
But they didn't know this was the wrong street  
Bang, bang, count another casualty  
But it's a cop who's shot for his brutality  
Who do you blame? It's a shame because the man's slain  
He got caught in the chains of his own game

How can I feel guilty after all the things they did to me?  
Sweated me, hunted me  
Trapped in my own community  
One day I'm gonna bust  
Blow up on this society  
Why did ya lie to me?  
I couldn't find a trace of equality  
Work me like a slave while they laid back  
Homie, don't play that  
It's time I let 'em suffer the payback  
I'm trying to avoid physical contact  
I can't hold back, it's time to attack jack  
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down  
They got me trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

Now I'm trapped and want to find my getaway  
All I need is a 'G' and somewhere safe to stay  
Can't use the phone  
'Cause I'm sure someone is tapping in  
Did it before  
Ain't scared to use my gat again  
I look back in hindsight the fight was irrelevant  
But now he's the devil's friend  
Too late to be tellin' him  
He shot first and I'll be damned if I run away  
Homie is done away, I should've put my gun away  
I wasn't thinking, all I heard was the ridicule  
Girlies was laughin', Tup saying, "Damn homies is dissing you."  
I fired my weapon  
Started steppin' in the hurricane  
I got shot so I dropped  
Feelin' a burst of pain  
Got to my feet  
Couldn't see nothin' but bloody blood  
Now I'm a fugitive to be hunted like a murderer  
Ran through an alley  
Still lookin' for my getaway  
Coppers said, "Freeze, or you'll be dead today."  
Trapped in a corner  
Dark and I couldn't see the light  
Thoughts in my mind was the nine and a better life  
What do I do? Live my life in a prison cell?  
I'd rather die than be trapped in a living hell  
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down

They got me trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down  
Trapped  
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Gooden Ramon Russell

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"Soulja's Story" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "Soulja's Story"

*[2Pac (2Pac as "Soulja"):]*

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
(They cuttin' off welfare...)  
(They think crime is rising now)  
(You got whites killing blacks)  
(Cops killing blacks, and blacks killing blacks)  
(Shit just gon' get worse)  
(They just gon' become souljas)  
(Straight souljas)

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

*[2Pac as "Soulja":]*

Crack done took a part of my family tree  
My momma's on the shit, my daddy split and mom is steady blaming me  
Is it my fault just 'cause I'm a young black male?  
Cops sweat me as if my destiny is makin' crack sales  
Only fifteen and got problems  
Cops on my tail, so I bail 'til I dodge 'em  
They finally pull me over and I laugh  
"Remember Rodney King?" and I blast on his punk ass  
Now I got a murder case...  
You speak of heaven punk? I never heard of the place  
Wanted to come up fast, got a Uz' and a black mask  
Ducking fuckin' Task, now who's the jackass?  
Keep my shit cocked, 'cause the cops got a Glock too  
What the fuck would you do? Drop them or let 'em drop you?  
I chose droppin' the cop  
I got me a Glock, and a Glock for the niggas on my block  
Momma tried to stab me, I moved out  
Sold a pound a weed, made G's, bought a new house  
I'm only seventeen, I'm the new king  
Got me a crew, bought 'em jewels, and a Uz'-thick

But all good things don't last  
Task came fast, and busted my black ass  
Coolin' in the pen, where the good's kept  
Now my little brother wants to follow in my footsteps  
A soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

*[2Pac as the younger brother:]*

Buck, buck - niggas get fucked, don't step to this  
Quiet as kept I'm blessed on a quest with a death wish  
Tell 'em to come and test, and arrest, nigga it's hectic  
Here's the anorexic, I'm makin' it to an exit  
Walking through the streets on the black tip  
Packed with several gats, 'cause I'm on some pay 'em back shit  
Niggas don't wanna try me, brother, you'll get shot down  
Now I'm king of the block, since my bigger brother's locked down  
I'm hot now, so many punk police have got shot down  
Other coppers see me on the block, and they jock now  
That's what I call a kingpin  
Send my brother what he needs and some weed up to Sing-Sing  
Tellin' him just be ready set  
Pack ya shit up quick; and when I hit, be prepared to jet  
Niggas from the block on the boat now  
Every single one got a gun, that'll smoke - pow!  
These punks about to get hit by the best  
I'm wearin' double vest... so aim at my fuckin' chest  
I'll be makin' straight dome calls  
Touch the button on the wall, you'll be pickin' up your own balls  
I can still hear my mother shout  
"Hit the pen nigga -- break your bigger brother out"  
I got a message for the warden  
I'm comin' for ya ass, as fast as Flash Gordon  
We get surrounded in the mess hall, yes y'all  
A crazy motherfucker making death calls  
Just bring me my brother and we leavin'  
For every minute you stall, one of y'all bleedin'  
They brought my brother in a jiffy  
I took a cop, just in case things got tricky  
And just as we was walkin' out (BANG!)  
I caught a bullet in the head, the screams never left my mouth  
My brother caught a bullet too  
I think he gon' pull through, he deserve to  
The fast life ain't everything they told ya  
Never get much older, following the tracks of a soulja



All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja  
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me  
Straight soulja, 1993, and forward

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Lee Hayes Isaac, Deon Evans

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"I Don't Give A Fuck" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"I Don't Give A Fuck"

(feat. Pogo)

[Skit:]

"What's up?"

"Yo this scene, rollers tried to jack a nigga 'cause a nigga with a pearl rollin' on a Coupé with goldens."

"Yo man, what's up, this riding motherfucker

Jack me at rollin' 'round bumping

'Cause music's too loud, you know what I'm sayin'?"

"Yo this P-O to the G-O

Motherfucking cop just jacked me 'cause I was drinking beer in Mill Valley."

"What's up, man?"

"Aight, man, fuck 'em."

[2Pac:]

I don't give a fuck

They done pushed me to my limit, I'm all in

I might blow up any minute, did it again

And now I'm in the back of the paddy wagon

While this cop's bragging about the nigga he's jackin'

I see no justice, all I see is niggas dying fast

The sound of a gun blast, then watch the hearse pass

Just another day in the life, G

Gotta step lightly, 'cause cops tried to snipe me

The cabs, they don't wanna stop for a brother, man

But damn near have an accident to pick up another man

I went to the bank to cash my check

I get more respect from the mothafucking dope man

The Grammy's and American Music shows

They pimp us like hoes, take our dough, but they hate us though

You better keep your mind on the real shit

And fuck trying to get with these crooked-ass hypocrites

The way they see it, we was meant to be kept down

Just can't understand why we getting respect now

Mama told me there'd be days like this

But I'm pissed, 'cause it stays like this

And now they're trying to ship me off to Kuwait?

Give me a break. How much shit can a nigga take?

I ain't going nowhere no how

Bush wanna throw down?

Better bring the gun, pal

'Cause this is the day we make 'em pay

Fuck bailing hay, I better spray with an AK

And even if they shoot me down

There'll be another nigga bigger from the mothafuckin' underground

So step but you better step quick

'Cause the clock's going tick and I'm sick of the bullshit

You're watching the makings of a psychopath

But you sit and laugh before the wrath and aftermath

Who's that behind the trigger?  
Who do you think? A mothafucking 90's nigga  
Ready to buck and rip shit up, I had enough!  
Yeah, and i just don't give a fuck

[Pogo:]

Nigga, it ain't just the blacks  
It's also a gang of motherfuckers dressed in blue slacks  
They say niggas hang in packs and they attitudes is shitty  
So tell me, who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?  
They say we niggas like to do niggas  
So me an' a cop are just two niggas  
A street-walking nigga and a beat-walking nigga  
With a badge, I end his future and his past  
With a blast take his cash before I dash I bash his head in  
Dump him at the dead end and that's just his luck  
'Cause a nigga like P, don't really give a fuck

[2Pac:]

Walked in the store, what's everybody staring at?  
They act like they never seen a motherfucker wearing black  
Following a nigga and shit – ain't this a bitch?  
All I wanted was some chips  
I wanna take my business elsewhere – but where?  
'Cause who in the hell cares  
About a black man with a black need?  
They wanna jack me like some kind of crack fiend  
I wonder if he knows that my income  
Is more than his pension, salary and then some  
Your daughter is my number one fan  
And your trife-ass wife wants a life with a black man  
So who's the mack, in fact who's the black Jack?  
Sit back and get fat off the fat cat  
While he thinks that he's getting over  
I bust a move as smooth as Casanova  
And count another quick mill'  
I'm getting paid for my trade but I'm still real  
And if you look between the lines you'll find a rhyme  
As strong as a fucking nine  
Mail stacked up, niggas wanna act up  
Let's put the gats up and throw your blacks up  
But the cops getting dropped by the gun shot  
Used to come but he's done, now we run the block  
To my brothers — stay strong, keep your heads up  
They know we fed up; but they just don't give a fuck

They just don't give a fuck

[2Pac:]

I gotta give my fuck offs  
Fuck you to the San Francisco police department  
Fuck you to the Marin County Sheriff's Department  
Fuck you to the FBI

Fuck you to the CIA  
Fuck you to the B-u-s-h  
Fuck you to the Ameri-K-K-Ka  
Fuck you to all you redneck prejudice motherfuckers  
That wanna fuck with me, fuck y'all!  
Punk gay sensitive little dick bastards  
2Pacalypse motherfuckerin' now  
Y'all can all kiss my ass and suck my dick  
And my uncle Tommy's balls  
Fuck y'all  
Punks [*\*echoes\**]

Thanks to zubarfly for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Teah Hari

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"Violent" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Violent"

They claim that I'm violent  
Just 'cause I refuse to be silent  
These hypocrites are havin' fits  
'Cause I'm not buyin' it, defyin' it  
Envious because I will rebel against  
Any oppressor - and this is known as self-defense  
I show no mercy, they claim that I'm the lunatic  
But when the shit gets thick, I'm the one you go and get  
Don't look confused, the truth is so plain to see  
'Cause I'm the nigga that you sell-outs are ashamed to be  
In every Jeep and every car, brothers stomp this  
I'm Never Ignorant, Getting Goals Accomplished  
The underground railroad on an uprising  
This time the truth's gettin' told, heard enough lies  
I told 'em fight back, attack on society  
If this is violence, then violent's what I gotta be  
If you investigate you'll find out where it's comin' from  
Look through our history, America's the violent one  
Unlock my brain, break the chains of your misery  
This time the payback for evil shit you did to me  
They call me militant, racist 'cause I will resist  
You wanna censor somethin', motherfucker censor this!  
My words are weapons and I'm steppin' to the silent  
Wakin' up the masses, but you, claim that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."

"Fuck the damn cop!"

"Just because we play what the people want."

[3x]

The cops can't stand me, but they can't touch me  
Call me a dope man, 'cause I rock dope beats  
Jacked by the police, didn't have my ID  
I said, "Excuse me, why you tryin' to rob me?"  
He had the nerve to say that I had a curfew  
("Do you know what time it is?  
Get out the fucking car, or I'll hurt you!")  
Get out the car - or I'll hurt you  
So here I go, I better make my mind up  
Pick my nine up or hit the line-up  
I chose B, stepped into the streets  
The first cop grabbed me, the other ripped my seat  
They grabbed my homie and they threw him to the concrete  
(Ay man... Ayyo... Ay man, just c'mon?)  
("What you doing, man?")  
They tried to frame me  
They tried to say I had some dope in the back seat

But I'm a rap fiend, not a crack fiend  
My homie panicked ("I'm out!") he tried to run  
(Freeze, nigga!) I heard a bullet fire from the cop's gun  
My homie dropped, so I hit the cop  
I kept swingin', yo, I couldn't stop  
Before I knew it, I was beatin' the cop senseless  
The other cop dropped his gun, he was defenseless  
(Argh, fuck you! Ungh!)

Now I'm against this cop who was racist  
Givin' him a taste of trading places  
And all this 'cause the peckerwood was tryin' this frame up,  
But I came up  
Now they claimin' that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."  
"Fuck the damn cop!"  
"Just because we play what the people want."  
[3x]

As I was beatin' on a cop, I heard a gun click (uh-oh)  
Then the gun shot, but I wasn't hit  
I turned around it was my homie with the gun in hand  
He shot the cop (damn!). Now he's a dead man  
I said, come on, it's time for us to get away  
(Let's go, we gotta get the fuck outta here.)  
They called for backup, and they'll be on their way  
Jumped in the car and tried to get away quick  
The car wouldn't start (damn!). We in deep shit  
So we jumped out (C'mon, let's take the cop's car)  
We drove a little ways thinkin' that we got far  
But I looked up and all I saw was blue lights  
(that's a lotta of one time)

If I die tonight, I'm dying in a gunfight  
I grabbed the AK, my homie took the 12 gauge  
(yeah, it's on now)

Load 'em up quick, it's time for us to spray  
We'll shoot 'em up with they own fuckin' weapons  
And when we through sprayin' then we steppin'  
This is a lesson to the rednecks and crooked cops  
You fuck with real niggas, get ya fuckin' ass dropped  
So here we go, the police against us  
Dark as dusk, waitin' for the guns to bust  
(What's next, man?) What's next? I don't know and I don't care  
One thing fo' sho', tommorrow I won't be here  
But if I go, I'm takin' all these punks with me  
(Pass me a clip) Pass me a clip, G, now come and get me  
You wanna sweat me, never get me to be silent  
Givin' them a reason to claim that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."  
"Fuck the damn cop!"  
"Just because we play what the people want."  
[3x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Huff Leon A, Gamble Kenneth, Brooks Ronald R, Elliot David R

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"Words Of Wisdom" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Words Of Wisdom"

Killing us one by one  
In one way or another  
America will find a way to eliminate the problem  
One by one  
The problem is the troublesome black youth of the ghetto's  
And one by one  
We are being wiped off the face of this earth  
At an extremely alarming rate  
And even more alarming is the fact  
That we are not fighting back  
Brothers, sisters, niggas  
When I say "nigga" it is not the nigga we have grown to fear  
It is not the nigga we say as if it has no meaning  
But to me it means Never Ignorant Getting Goals Accomplished, nigga  
Niggas, what are we going to do?  
Walk blind into a line or fight  
Fight and die if we must die, like niggas

This is for the masses, the lower classes  
The ones you left out, jobs were giving, better living  
But we were kept out  
Made to feel inferior, but we're superior  
Break the chains in our brains that made us fear ya  
Pledge allegiance to a flag that neglects us  
Honour a man that refuses to respect us  
Emancipation Proclamation? Please!  
Lincoln just said that to save the nation  
These are lies that we all accepted  
Say no to drugs but the governments' kept it  
Running through our community, killing the unity  
The war on drugs is a war on you and me  
And yet, they say this is the Home of The Free  
But if you ask me, it's all about hypocrisy  
The constitution, Yo, it don't apply to me  
And Lady Liberty? Stupid bitch lied to me  
This made me strong, and no one's gonna like what I'm pumpin'  
But it's wrong to keep someone from learning something  
So get up, it's time to start nation building  
I'm fed up, we gotta start teach the children  
That they can be all that they want to be  
There's much more to life than just poverty

This is definitely uh... words of wisdom  
AMERICA! AMERICA! AMERIK-K-KA  
I charge you with the crime of rape, murder, and assault  
For suppressing and punishing my people  
I charge you with robbery for robbing me of my history



I charge you with false imprisonment for keeping me  
Trapped in the projects  
And the jury finds you guilty on all accounts  
And you are to serve the consequences of your evil schemes  
Prosecutor, do you have any more evidence?

Words of Wisdom  
Based upon the strength of a nation  
Conquer the enemy armed with education  
Protect yourself, reach for what you want to do  
Know thyself, teach by what we've been through  
Armed with the knowledge of the place we've been  
No one will ever oppress this race again  
No Malcolm X in my history text, why's that?  
'Cause he tried to educate and liberate all blacks  
Why is Martin Luther King in my book each week?  
He told blacks, if they get smacked, turn the other cheek  
I don't get it, so many questions went through my mind  
I get sweated, they act like asking questions is a crime  
But forget it, cause one day I'm gonna prove them wrong  
Not every brother had his mother on the welfare line  
The American Dream, though it seems like it's attainable  
They're pulling your sleeve, don't believe  
'Cause it will strangle ya  
Pulling the life of your brain, I can't explain  
Beg as you can obtain from which you came  
Swear that your mother is living in equality  
Forgetting your brother that's living in poverty  
Thought they had us beaten when they took out King  
But the battle ain't over till the black man sings  
Words of Wisdom  
The battle ain't over 'till the black man sings  
Words of Wisdom

NIGHTMARE! That's what I am  
America's nightmare  
I am what you made me  
The hate and the evil that you gave me  
I shine as a reminder of what you've done to my people  
For Four hundred plus years  
You should be scared  
You should be running  
You should be trying to silence me  
Ha, but you cannot escape fate  
For it is my turn to come  
Just as you rose you will fall  
By my hands  
America, you reap what you sow  
2Pacalypse, America's Nightmare  
Ice Cube and Da Lynch Mob, America's Nightmare  
Above The Law, America's Nightmare  
Paris, America's Nightmare  
Public Enemy, America's Nightmare

KRS-One, America's Nightmare  
New Afrikan Panthers, America's nightmare  
Mutulu Shakur, America's Nightmare  
Geronimo Pratt, America's Nightmare  
Assata Shakur, America's Nightmare

Thanks to Brad N, Sara, ercimpthomas for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E, Hancock Herbie, Mason Harvey W, Jackson Paul M, Maupin Bennie

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## 2Pac Lyrics

## "Something Wicked"

Something wicked, this way comes  
 Some-Something wicked, this way comes  
 Some-Something wicked, this way comes  
 Some-Something wicked, this way comes  
 Something wicked, this way comes  
 Something wicked, this way comes  
 (Wicked) (wicked)

'Emember

More than an adversary, I'm very quick  
I'm ready to hit 'em with this gift, I'm equipped to kick  
So, grab your coat and your hat, cause I'm prepared to clown  
Let's carry this end that throw these motherfuckers down  
Oh shit, 2Pacalypse is back and strapped  
Attackin' the packs, I'm kickin' the facts for stacks to rap  
And those that max, relax and let the blacks get jacks  
I'm gettin' taxed, my packs is packed with angry blacks  
I'm ready to go  
I'm rippin' the shows, hittin' the dough  
Gettin' the hoes, clothes  
Pumpin' the flow, thanks to the hump  
Cause the nose knows  
Check the pose, froze, when you see me close  
Punks you gonna roast, host in a cloud of smoke  
Broke, choked on some potent dank smoke  
Wrote, rhymes that'll bring me bank notes  
Nope, I ain't the type of fella that you're used to  
Ki-ki-ki-kickin' the funky flava  
Pumpin' the deuce with no producers  
Run for cover when you hear the bass drum  
One verse is all it takes  
Something wicked this way comes  
Come come, come come

[illegible]

Something wicked, this way comes  
Wicked something wicked, this way comes  
Something wicked kick it, this way comes  
Wicked kick it, this way comes  
Something wicked wicked wicked wicked, this way comes  
Something wicked wicked wicked wicked, this way comes  
Something wicked wicked, this way comes  
Wicked wicked, this way COME  
*[\*monster sound\*]*

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Jeremy

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Crooked Ass Nigga"

(feat. Stretch (Live Squad))

(Suddenly I see some niggas that I don't like)

*[\*machine gun fires\*]*

(Got him)

*[2Pac:]*

A smoking-ass nigga robbed me blind  
I got a TEC-9 now his smokin' ass is mine  
I guess I felt sorry for the bastard, he was broke  
I didn't know he smoked so I didn't watch him close  
He caught me on the sneak tip, now the punk's in deep shit  
Catch him on the streets, I'mma bring him to his feet, quick  
Pass the clip, I think I see him comin' now  
Fuck the bullshit, posse deep and let's run him down  
Gots to be the first one to hit ya when we meet  
Comin' quickly up the streets, is the punk ass police  
The first one jumped out and said "Freeze!"  
I popped him in his knees and shot him, punk, please  
'Cause cops should mind they business, when we rush  
Now you're pleadin' like a bitch, cause you don't know how to, hush  
Now back to the smoker that robbed me  
I tell you like Latifah, motherfucker give me body  
One to the chest, another to his fuckin' dome  
Now the shit can rest, yo tell him to leave me the fuck alone  
Two very bloody bodies on the streets  
A nosey ass cop and a nigga that robbed from me  
Run from your backup punk, how you figure?  
My finger's on the trigger for you crooked ass niggas

Crooked ass niggas

(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal behaviour)

(Suddenly I see--)

(Cri-cri-criminal)

*[Stretch:]*

Now listen to the mack of the crooked nigga trade  
With the fine criminal mind, cold ribs like a blade  
It's already quick stepping to the niggas with the props  
and any motherfucker with the flim-flam drops to the knot  
Ten o'clock, is a motherfuckin' gank move  
Stretch is Uptown, clockin' weight the shit is real smooth  
A nigga's trying to play me like he know me but he don't  
Sittin' on ten kis, I'mma get him, think I won't?  
My nigga 2Pac, got the fucking Glock cocked, and he's ready  
When the kid, didn't even bring the weight bag, instead he  
welcomed us, into his apartment  
Oh, this even better, two to the head, he's dead a clean get a-WAY!  
Niggas got PAID!  
And yet another sleepin' ass nigga got slayed, word up  
By a crooked motherfucker named Stretch

And the T-U-P-A-C, the police can't catch

The crooked ass niggas  
(Criminal behaviour)  
Yeah, you don't stop!  
Crooked ass niggas  
(Criminal-- criminal behaviour)  
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

*[2Pac:]*

Now I could be a crooked nigga too  
When I'm rollin' with my crew, watch what crooked niggas, do!  
I got a nine millimeter Glock pistol  
I'm ready to get witcha at the drop, of a whistle  
So make your move, and act like you wanna flip  
I fire thirteen shots, and pop another clip  
I bring luck, my Glock's like a fuckin' mop  
The more I shot, the more motherfuckers dropped  
And even cops got shot when they rolled up  
Best to bring a knot, or get popped, I'm a soldier  
I ain't the type to fetch ya, ask Stretch, he's my witness  
Smoke til I'm blitzed, fuck a motherfuckin' piss test  
I'm trigger happy, try to 'tack me and I'll drop you quick  
Long as I got a clip I got some shit to hit 'em with  
The nigga killer I get iller when the shit gets thick  
My brain flips, I start thinkin' like a lunatic  
I rip shit, came equipped with a bigger crew  
I thought these niggas knew, I'm a crooked nigga too

(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal behaviour)  
Crooked ass niggas come in all shapes and sizes  
They wear disguises, backstabbing's what they specialize in  
They'll try to get 'cha, they'll sweat 'cha to get in the picture  
And then they hit 'cha, son of a bitch! Now he's richer  
(Criminal behaviour-- crimi-criminal behaviour)

Crooked ass nigga  
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)  
(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal  
Crimi-crim-criminal behaviour (haviour)-- criminal behaviour  
Criminal behaviour)

(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)  
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)  
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)  
(Criminal behaviour- criminal be- criminal crim--  
Crim-criminal behaviour

Criminal be- crim-crim-crim-crim-crim--  
Criminal behaviour-- criminal behaviour)  
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

*[\*machine gun fires\*]*

(Got him)

(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

*[\*machine gun fires\*]*

(Got him)

(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

*[\*machine gun fires\*]*

(Got him)

Writer(s): Leroy Bonner, Lorenzo Patterson, Eric Wright, Andre Young, Clarence Satchell, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Marvin Pierce,  
William Devaughn, Waung Hankerson, Randy Walker, Steven Arrington, Charles Carter, Roge

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "If My Homie Calls"

Ever since you was a pee-wee, down by my knee with a wee-wee  
We been coochie-coo all through school, you and me, G  
Back in the days we played practical jokes on  
Everybody smoked with they locs and they yokes on  
All through high school, girls by the dozens  
Saying we cousins, knowing that we wasn't  
But like the old saying goes  
Times goes on, and everybody grows  
Grew apart, had to part, went our own ways  
You chose the dope game, my microphone pays  
In many ways we were paid in the old days  
So far away from the crazies with AK's  
And though I been around clowning with the Underground  
I'm still down with my homies from the hometown  
And if you need, need anything at all  
I drop it all for y'all, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"

"Well, alright, y'all"

"Brothers and sisters"

It's a shame, you chose the dope game  
Now you slang 'caine on the streets with no name  
It was plain that your aim was mo' 'caine  
You got game now you run with no shame  
I chose rapping tracks to make stacks  
In fact I travel the map with raps that spray cats  
But now I don't wanna down my homie  
No matter how low you go, you're not lowly  
And I, hear that you made a few enemies  
But when you need a friend you can depend on me, call  
If you need my assistance, there'll be no resistance  
I'll be there in an instant  
Who am I to judge another brother, only on his cover  
I'd be no different than the other  
H-to-the-O-to-the-M-to-the-I-to-the-E  
I'm down to the E-N-D  
'Cause it's a fall in no time at all  
I'm down for y'all, when my homies call  
Word, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"

"Well, alright, y'all"

"Brothers and sisters"

Well, it's ninety-one and I'm living kinda swell now  
But I hear that you're going through some hell, pal  
But life making records ain't easy  
It ain't what I expected, it's hectic, it's sleazy  
But I guess that the streets is harder



Trying to survive in the life of a young godfather  
My homies is making it elsewhere  
Striving, working nine to five with no health care  
We both had dreams of being great  
But his deferred and blurred and changed in shape  
It's fate, it wasn't my choice to make  
To be great, I'm giving it all it takes  
Trying to shake, the crates and fakes and snakes  
I gotta take my place or fall from grace  
The foolish way, the pace is quick and great  
Smiling face to hide the trace of hate  
But my homie would never do me wrong  
That's why I wrote this song, if you ever need me, it's on  
No matter who the foe they must fall  
Us against them all I'm down to brawl if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"

"Well, alright, y'all"

"Brothers and sisters"

Thanks to Kurtis Hanson, Mark for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Deon Evans, Herbert Hancock, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Arlester Christian

"Brenda's Got A Baby" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Brenda's Got A Baby"

(feat. Dave Hollister)

*[Dave Hollister:]*

Brenda's got a baby

*[2Pac:]*

I hear Brenda's got a baby  
But Brenda's barely got a brain  
A damn shame, the girl can hardly spell her name  
That's not our problem, that's up to Brenda's family  
Well let me show you how it affects our whole community  
Now Brenda really never knew her moms  
And her dad was a junkie putting death into his arms  
It's sad, cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know  
Just cause you're in the ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow  
But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation  
Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation  
Brenda got herself a boyfriend  
Her boyfriend was her cousin, now let's watch the joy end  
She tried to hide her pregnancy, from her family  
Who really didn't care to see, or give a damn if she  
Went out and had a church of kids  
As long as when the check came they got first dibs  
Now Brenda's belly's getting bigger  
But no one seems to notice any change in her figure  
She's twelve years old and she's having a baby  
In love with a molester, who's sexing her crazy  
And yet and she thinks that he'll be with her forever  
And dreams of a world where the two of them are together, whatever  
He left her and she had the baby solo  
She had it on the bathroom floor and didn't know so  
She didn't know, what to throw away and what to keep  
She wrapped the baby up and threw him in a trash heap  
I guess she thought she'd get away, wouldn't hear the cries  
She didn't realize how much the little baby had her eyes  
Now the baby's in the trash heap bawling  
Momma can't help her, but it hurts to hear her calling  
Brenda wants to run away  
Momma say, you making me lose pay  
There's social workers here every day  
Now Brenda's gotta make her own way  
Can't go to her family, they won't let her stay  
No money no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job  
She tried to sell crack but end up getting robbed  
So now what's next, there ain't nothing left to sell  
So she sees sex as a way of leaving hell  
It's paying the rent, so she really can't complain  
Prostitute, found slain and Brenda's her name, she's got a baby

Thanks to antoniosgurl4lyfe, destynysdarlings, jack kendall for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Evans Deon

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# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Tha Lunatic"

(feat. Stretch)

[2Pac:]

Oh shit, jumped on my man's dick  
Heard he had a twelve inch, now the bitch is lovesick  
Who's to blame, the guy or the groupie  
Heard I was down with D.U., now she wants to do me  
Oooh-wee! This is the life  
New bitch every night, never tripped off a wife  
It ain't right, but it's cool how they come quick  
Don't try to flip with the lip cause I run shit  
Hip hip, hooray for the AK  
Spray when I lay competition, what a great day  
Make pay, next is the wet sex  
Hexed with the vex now they wreck with the complex  
I'm set, wonder what I tote, check  
Bloody as a Kotex, snappin' motherfuckers' necks  
Revenge so sweet when it comes from  
Niggas get done with the drum, watch my foes run  
Nigga keeps coming when they can't slip  
Full of that shit, another hit from Tha' Lunatic

[Stretch:]

Yeah, fuck that God! Word up  
Blowin' niggas out the motherfuckin' frame, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Constantly, fuck that trick, we ain't havin' it

[2Pac:]

Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this  
It's suicidal, you lose your title like Doug-las  
Cause I'm nothin' nice and, I'm icin' like Tyson  
I'm grippin' the mic and my DJ is slicin'  
I'm tired of motherfuckers steppin' to me with the same old  
Tryin' to do me like Nintendo  
How the fuck you think I ever got this far?  
By bootin' motherfuckers like a shootin' star  
Cause I'm out to show that I'm a dope MC  
Think crack had you fiendin', wait'll they get a load of me  
Bitches on my dick like a motherfuckin' condom  
Niggas wanna flip, let 'em step, and I'll bomb 'em  
See somethin' you want, why don't you come and get it  
And then get waxed and taxed, like the government  
Then I leave you sittin' there, wonder where your money went  
While your bitch is callin' me, tellin' me to come again  
Nigga I'm loc'ed, when I smoke, from the indo  
But we can be friends though, after you get broke like a window  
That's what you provoked, and now you're smoked out  
Lookin' like a bitch, cause your whole fuckin' posse, broke out  
Punk motherfucker couldn't roll on  
He couldn't hold on, game is too strong, nigga  
Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this

Feel the wrath, and revenge of tha' lunatic

*[Stretch:]*

Yeah Tu', tell 'em motherfuckers, word up  
We ain't havin' it, none of that shit!  
Bitch ass niggas, niggas can't fuck with us Tu', word up  
'91, we takin' this whole motherfucker over  
Niggas got problems in '91, '92, and '93  
And all that other shit, word up

*[2Pac:]*

Recognize game when it smacks you, bitch I'm back to rip  
Puttin' this on the map with this mackin' shit  
Time will tell if it's made well  
Well I raise hell and excel cause it pays well  
Jordan couldn't dunk it any harder, pump it any farther  
I'm funky, that's word to the father  
Act like you know 'fore I thump the bolo  
Thought you was a pimp, now you're simpin' for my solo  
Oh no, not another new jack, swearin' that he's ruthless  
Ducked and now he's fucked and left toothless  
I can hear the fear in your flow, you ain't prepared  
You're scared and you're bound to go  
It's somethin', I guess I let the beat keep bumpin'  
Stop trippin' off these niggas cause they ain't about nuttin'  
Or should I say naythin'  
Punk put my tape in, fuck all the fake-in  
I'm sick of the bullshit  
Come equipped and get ready to rip  
or get the dick of Tha' Lunatic

*[Stretch:]*

Ah yeah, fuck that, you know what I'm sayin'?  
(The motherfuckin' lunatic)  
Yes Tu!  
Tell them niggas what time it is, 'kna'm sayin'?  
(punk motherfuckers, get the dick of the lunatic)  
Niggas can't fuck with us, word up  
Bitch ass niggas, fuck 'em

*[2Pac:]*

Fuck all them niggas  
I'm tellin' these niggas that they ain't got  
Naythin' on a nigga like me  
We squashin' these punk motherfuckers in '91  
'92, '93, and so on  
So let the beat FLOAT on  
While I spray these PUNK BITCHES  
with these dope ass lyrics  
Thanks to Poppa for supplyin' the dank  
Now it's money in the BANK  
And all y'all niggas shit stank  
Compared to this shit  
Fuck y'all punk bitches!  
Tha' Lunatic \*echoes\*

Writer(s): George Clinton, Ronald Banks, Gregory Jacobs, Tupac Shakur, Edward Green

"Rebel Of The Underground" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

### "Rebel Of The Underground"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Rebel... rebel

Rebel

Rebel... rebel

They just can't stand the reign, or the occasional pain  
From a man like me, who goes against the grain  
Sometimes I do it in vain  
So with a little bass and treble  
Hey mister, it's time for me to explain that I'm the rebel  
Cold as the devil  
Straight from the underground, the rebel, a lower level  
They came to see the maniac psychopath  
The critics heard of me, and the aftermath  
I don't give a damn and it shows  
And when I do a stage show I wear street clothes  
So they all know me  
The lyrical lunatic, the maniac MC  
I give a shout out to your homies  
And maybe then, the critics'll leave your boy alone, G  
On the streets or on TV  
It just don't pay to be, a truth tellin' MC  
They won't be happy 'til I'm banned  
The most dangerous weapon: an educated black man  
So point blank in your face  
Pump up the bass, and join the human race  
I throw peace to the Bay  
Cause from The Jungle to Oaktown, they backin' me up all the way  
You know you gotta love the sound  
It's from the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel

Rebel of the underground

[4x]

Now I'm face to face with the devils  
Cause they breedin' more rebels than the whole damn ghetto  
And police brutality  
Shit, it put you in the nip and call it technicality  
So you reap what you sow  
So reap the wrath of the rebel, jackin' 'em up once mo'  
Now the fox is in the henhouse  
Creepin' up on your daughter while you sleep I got her sneakin' out  
2Pac ain't nothin' nice, I'll be nothin' how I wanna  
And doin' what I'm gonna  
Now I'm up to no good  
The mastermind of mischief movin' more than most could

So sit and slip into the sound  
Peep the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel  
Rebel of the underground  
[4x]

They say they hate me, they wanna hold me down  
I guess they scared of the rebel - the rebel of the underground  
But I never let it get me  
I just make another record 'bout the punks tryin' to sweat me  
In fact, they tryin' to keep me out  
Try to censor what I say  
Cause they don't like what I'm talkin' 'bout  
So what's wrong with the media today  
Got brothers sellin' out cause they greedy to get paid  
But me, I'm comin' from the soul  
And if it don't go gold, my story still gettin' told  
And that way they can't stop me  
And if it sells a couple of copies, the punks'll try to copy  
It's sloppy, don't even try to  
I'm a slave to the rhythm, and I'm about to fly through  
So, yo, to the people in the ghetto  
When ya hear the bass flow, go ahead and let go  
Now everybody wanna gangbang  
They talkin' street slang, but the punks still can't hang  
They makin' records 'bout violence  
But when it comes to the real, some brothers go silent  
It kinda make you wanna think about  
That ya gotta do some sellin' out, just to get your record out  
But 2Pacalypse is straight down  
So feel the wrath of the rebel - the rebel of the underground

2Pac is a rebel  
Rebel of the underground  
[8x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E

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"Part Time Mutha" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Part Time Mutha"

(feat. Angelique)

*[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]*

She's a part time mutha

*[2Pac:]*

Meet Cindi

She's twenty-two, lives right on the dope track

Used to be fat now weighs less than a Tic Tac

Now what's that say about this big epidemic

This hypocritical world and the people in it

Now speakin' of, in it Cindi loved to get buckwild

Fuck with a smile single file she'll bust enough styles

That would be cool, if she was your lover

But fuck that, Cindi was my dope fiend mother

Welfare checks never stepped through the front door

Cause moms would run to the dopeman once more

All those days, had me fiendin' for a hot meal

Now I'm a crook; got steel, I do not feel

So don't even trip, when I flip with my thirty-eight

Revenge is a bitch and my hit shake the murder rate

Word to the mother, I'm touched

When moms come by, niggas hush or get rushed

Maybe one day she'll recover

But what will it take, to shake, or break

My part time mutha

I gotta live with a part time

*[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]*

She's a part time mutha

*[Angelique:]*

I grew up in a home where no-one liked me

Moms would hit the pipe, every night, she would fight me

Poppa was a nasty old man, like the rest

He's feelin' on my chest, with his hand in my dress

Just another pest and yes I was nervous

Was this a test? I just don't deserve this

I wanna tell mom, but would she listen

She's bound to be bitchin' if she hasn't got a fix in, so

Now I lay me down to sleep, Lord don't let him rape me

If he does my soul to keep, don't let the devil take me

Can't concentrate I contemplate in my classroom

Thinkin' how my step dad raped me in the bathroom

Every day I make class and yet I'm missin' periods

The thought of pregnancy is in my head and now I'm fearin' it

I gotta tell mom before she sees me

I told her how he treated me and she didn't believe me  
Callin' me a slut cause my butt's kinda big so  
Still that ain't no way to be talkin' to your kids though  
I can't believe the way he caught her  
Got her believin' him and dissin' her own daughter  
Time for me to break and find another  
That's when I discovered  
The ways of the days of a part time mutha

*[2Pac:]*

I gotta live with a part time

*[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]*

She's a part time mutha

*[2Pac:]*

I rush to tend her, talked as I touch her  
She blushed, the clothes came off and I bust her  
I'm up now, ready to get drunk on the block  
Here, take a cab, thanks a lot for the cock  
She's gone and I'm thinkin' that my game's so strong  
Pat myself on the back and move on  
Is this just how it is hell no  
Cause she came back with the kid and yo  
I been payin' ever since  
The clothes the food the cars and, oh, the rent  
All of my time gets spent at the workplace  
No time to kiss her got me this in the first place  
So, I do the dishes and clean the floor  
When I sleep I can't dream no more  
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha  
And I change the diapers and clean the shit  
The tables are turned I can't take this  
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha

*[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]*

She's a part time mutha

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Deon Evans

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